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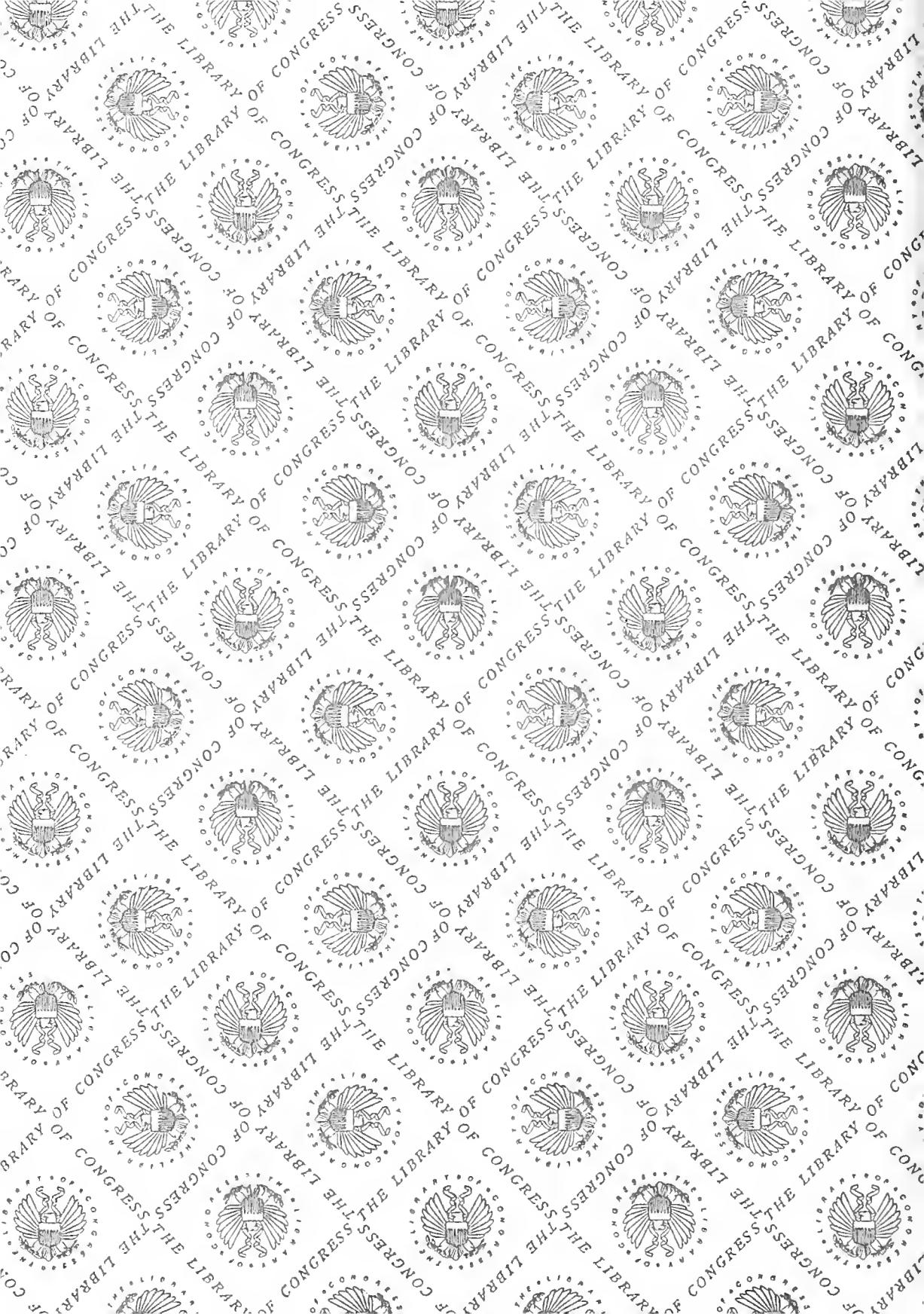
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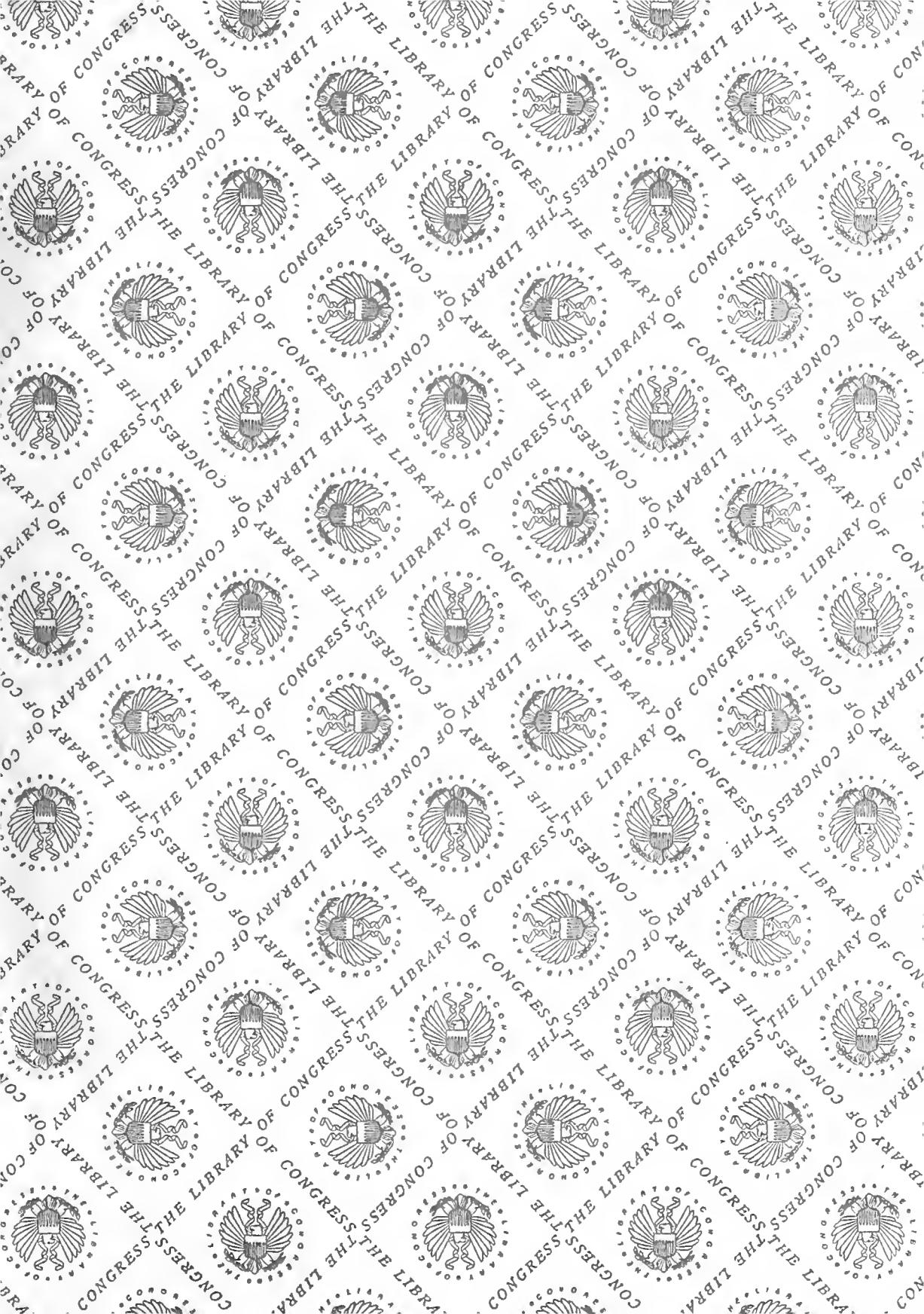
1909

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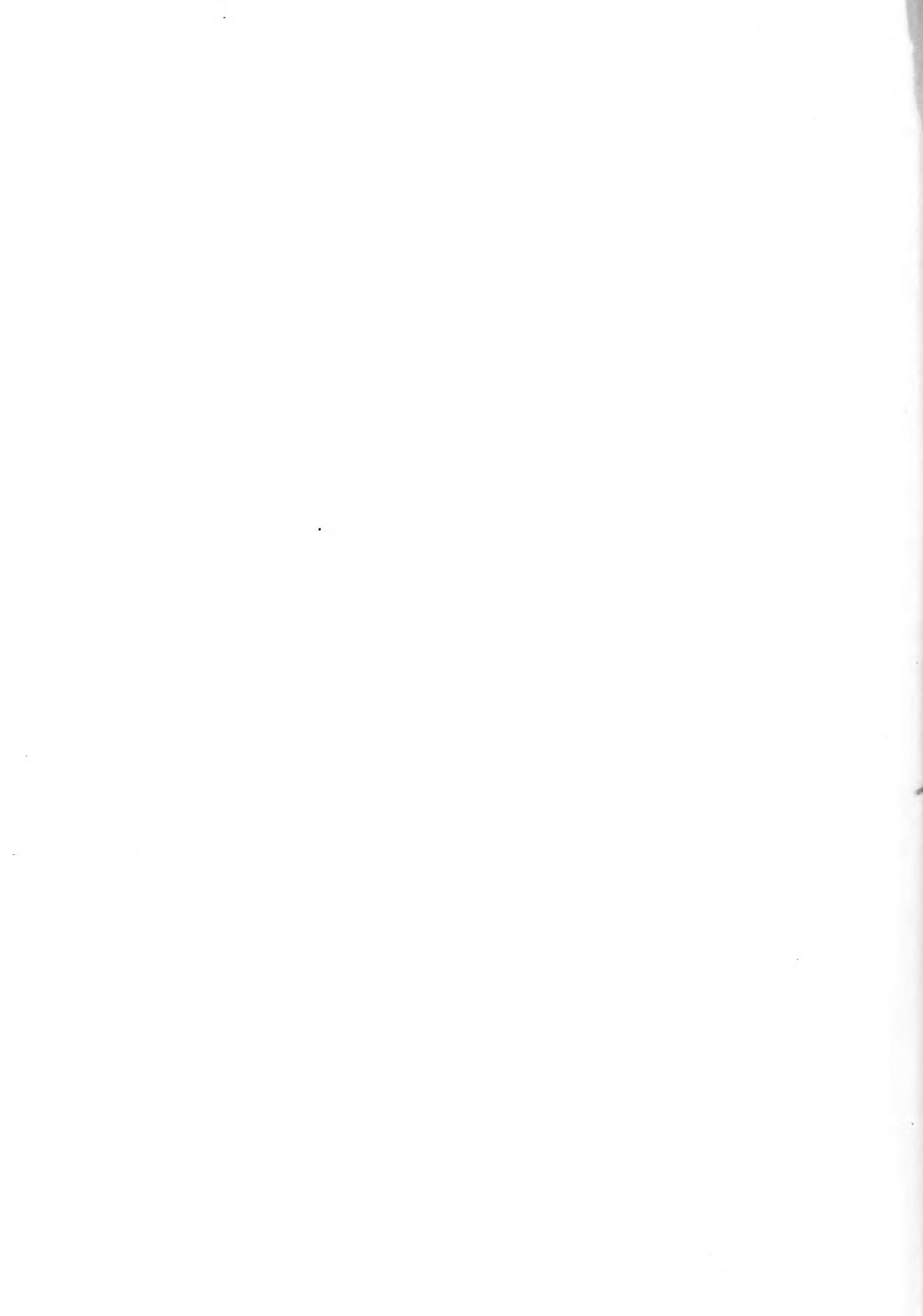


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# Riley Roses

By James Whitcomb Riley

Illustrated by  
Howard Chandler Christy

Decorations by Franklin Booth

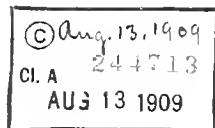
Indianapolis  
The Bobbs-Merrill Company,  
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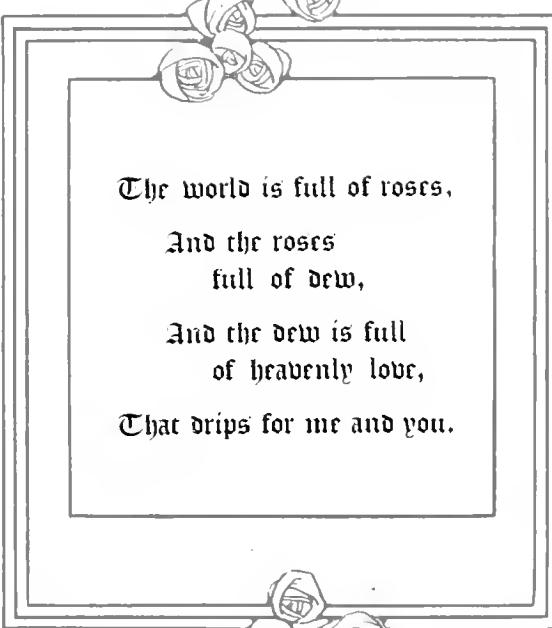


Copyright, 1909  
James Whitcomb Riley

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The world is full of roses,  
And the roses  
full of dew,  
And the dew is full  
of heavenly love,  
That drips for me and you.



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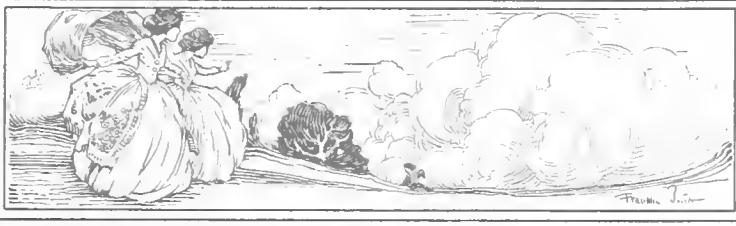


—Grand Chandler Clinton 1904.



## A Discouraging Model

Just the airiest,  
fairest slip of a thing,  
With a Gainsborough hat,  
like a butterfly's wing.  
Tilted up at one side  
with the jauntiest air,  
And a knot of red roses  
sown in under there  
Where the shadows are  
lost in her hair.





# A Discouraging Model

With a Gainsborough hat . . . .  
Tilted up on one side with  
the jauntiest air





## A Discouraging Model

Then a cameo face,  
carven in on a ground  
Of that shadowy hair where  
the roses are wound;  
And the gleam of a smile  
O as fair and as faint  
And as sweet as the  
masters of old used to paint  
Round the lips of  
their favourite saint!





## A Discouraging Model

And that lace at  
her throat—and the  
fluttering hands

Snowing there,  
with a grace that  
no art understands



## A Discouraging Model

The flakes of their  
touches — first  
fluttering at

The bow — then  
the roses — the hair  
— and then that

Little tilt of the  
Gainsborough hat.



## A Discouraging Model

O what artist on earth,  
with a model like this,  
Holding not on his palette  
the tint of a kiss,  
Nor the pigment to hint  
of the hue of her hair,  
Nor the gold of her smile—  
O what artist could dare  
To expect a result  
half so fair?





# A Discouraging Model

O what artist could dare  
To expect a result half so fair





## Old-fashioned Roses

They ain't no style about 'em,  
And they're sorto' pale and faded,  
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,  
Would be lonesomer, and shaded  
With a good 'eal blacker shadder  
Than the morning-glories makes,  
And the sunshine would look sadder  
fer their good old-fashion' sakes.  
  
I like 'em cause they kindo'-  
Sorto' make a feller like 'em!





# Ola Fashioned Roses

It allus sets me thinkin'  
O' the ones 'at used to grow  
And peek in thro' the chinkin'  
O' the cabin, don't you know



Gerald Brooker Christie, 1968



## Old-fashioned Roses

And I tell you, when I find a  
Bunch out whur the sun kin  
strike 'em,  
It allus sets me thinkin'  
O' the ones 'at used to grow  
And peek in thro' the chinkin'  
O' the cabin, don't you know!  
  
And then I think o' mother,  
And how she ust to love 'em—  
When they wuzn't any other,  
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!





# Ola Fashioned Roses

I'm happier in these posies  
And the hollyhawks and such  
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses  
In the roses of the rich



Janet Chandler Christie 1992



## Old-fashioned Roses

And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,  
Whispered with a smile and said  
We must pick a bunch and putt 'em  
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin',  
They ain't no style about 'em  
Very gaudy er displayin',  
But I wouldn't be without 'em,—  
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,  
And the hollyhawks and sich,  
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses  
In the roses of the rich.



## The Rose

It tossed its head at  
the wooing breeze;  
And the sun, like  
a bashful swain,  
Beamed on it through  
the waving trees  
With a passion  
all in vain,—  
for my rose laughed  
in a crimson glee,  
And hid in the leaves  
in wait for me.



## The Rose

The honey-bee came  
there to sing  
His love through  
the languid hours,  
And vaunt of his hives,  
as a proud old king  
Might boast of  
his palace-towers:  
But my rose bowed  
in a mockery,  
And hid in the leaves  
in wait for me.





## The Rose

The humming-bird,  
like a courtier gay,  
Dipped down with  
a dalliant song,  
And twanged his wings  
through the roundelay  
Of love the  
whole day long:  
Yet my rose turned  
from his minstrelsy  
And hid in the leaves  
in wait for me.





# The Rose

The bloom of a fadeless  
constancy  
That hides in the leaves in  
wait for me



Grand Central Station

## The Rose

The firefly came in  
the twilight dim

My red, red  
rose to woo—

Till quenched was the  
flame of love in him

And the light of  
his lantern too,

As my rose wept  
with dewdrops three

And hid in the leaves  
in wait for me.



## The Rose

And I said: I will cull  
my own sweet rose—  
  
Some day I will  
claim as mine  
  
The priceless worth of  
the flower that knows  
  
No change, but  
a bloom divine—  
  
The bloom of a  
fadeless constancy  
  
That hides in the leaves  
in wait for me!





# The Rose

I dream today o'er a purple stain  
Of bloom on a withered stalk  
Pelted down by the autumn rain  
In the dust of the garden walk





## The Rose

But time passed by  
in a strange disguise,

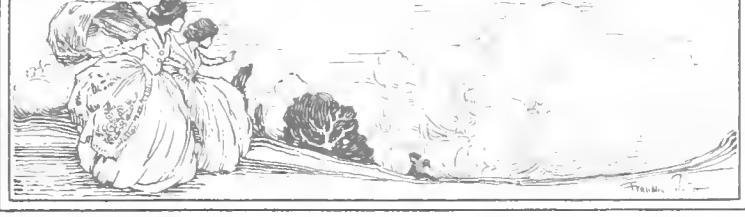
And I marked it  
not, but lay

In a lazy dream,  
with drowsy eyes,

Till the summer  
slipped away,

And a chill wind sang  
in a minor key:

"Where is the rose  
that waits for thee?"



## The Rose

I dream to-day, o'er  
a purple stain  
Of bloom on  
a withered stalk,  
Pelted down by  
the autumn rain  
In the dust of  
the garden-walk,  
That an Angel-rose in  
the world to be  
Will hide in the leaves  
in wait for me.



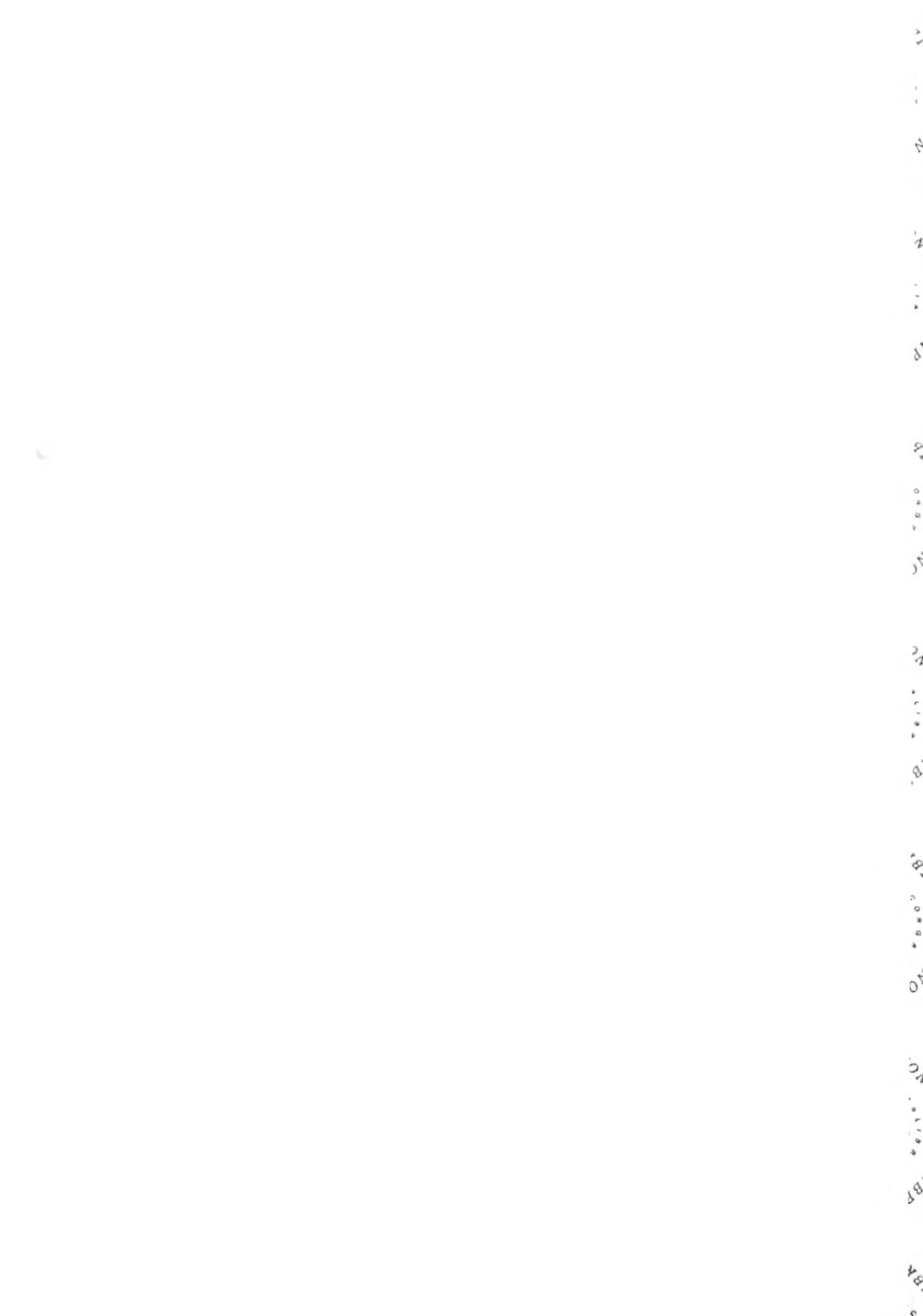


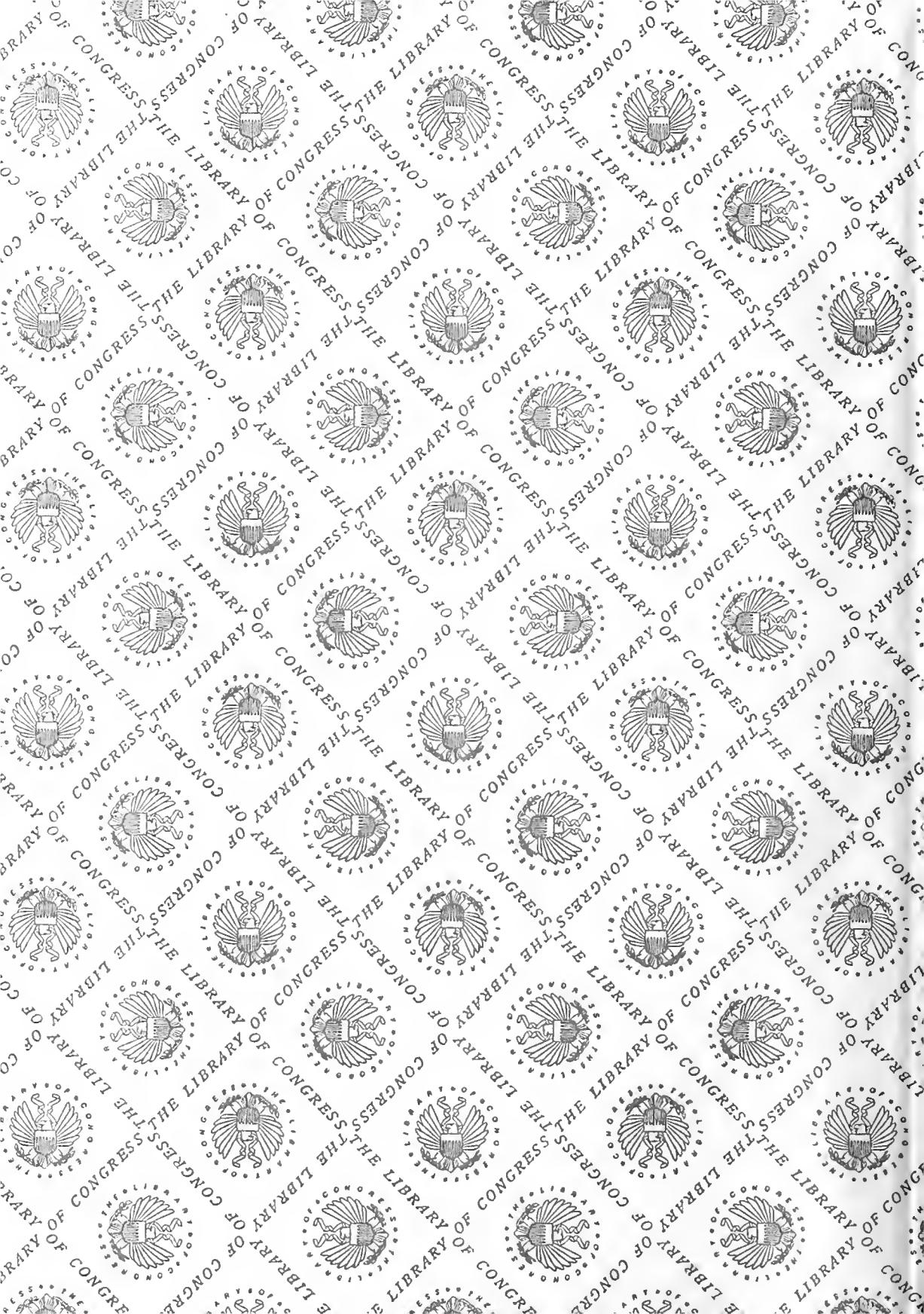
Tony Sarge

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